RODE THROUGH A TYPHOON

RUDDERLESS BARK MAKES A FIGHT FOR HER LIFE.

Overtaken by a Terrific Storm in the China Seas That Disabled Her Stearing Gear and Washed Away Two of Her Crew the Adolf Obrig, by Dint of Good Yankee Seamanship, Managed at Last to Limp

I. F. Chapman & Co., ship-owners of this city, have received from Capt. Stanley Amabury, master of their bark Adolf Obrig, notes of that resci's encounter with a typhoon in the China see in October last. It will be observed that Capt Amabury attributes the safety of the vessel in some measure to the fact that ahe is a poop-deck ship. Commonly, ships are built with the a high level, the intervening deck, in the waist of the ship, being at a lower level and with high bulwarks along the sides. The propdeck or, as the contrary, built with a flush deck from stem to stern, and with a rall instead of bulwarks. The Obrig is one of the very best existing vessels of this type. Of this form of construction she shed the more readily seas that might otherwise have de-

stroyed her.

The Adolf Obrig sailed from this port on May a with a full cargo of case off for Amoy, China. She went out around the Cape of Good Hope, her voyage being without special incident until she reached the China seas, being then well on toward her destination. The story as taken from Capt. Amsbury's notes begins with the see day ending

days follows:
Oct. 1.—Strong northeast wind; 6 P. M. wore to northwest, wind increasing to strong gale with very high short see; ship pitching and laboring badly; shipping much water. Wind about seedy northeast by north Lattrude, noon, 1954 north, longitude 119:49 east

Oct. 2.—Strong gale northeast to north-nor east, moderating; 5 P. M. wore to the castward. Midnight, wind can'ting to northwest; set top-sails and recfed coarses. The day ended with baffling winds neathwest to north-northwest, with drizzly rain. Tremendous see, ship diving hows under. Estimated latitude, noon, 19:56;

west winds, with heavy clouds and drizzly rain. Barometer about steady at 29:80, at which reading had been for four or five days, only varying a half-tenth either way. At 4 P.M. weather looking dirty, took in upper topsails and courses and furled them solid. Wind not increasing then, and no particular indication of the typhoon except the fearful sea, which was from about northnortheast, with a cross sea from northwest. Im-mediately after the upper topsails and courses to fall, everything was taken in but the misren staysall, which was reefed. About 8 P. M. the wind commenced to increase in force and the barometer to fall rapidly. At 11 P. M. blew away the stayeall; it was No. 1 cotton canvas, and midnight tried to equare in the lower yards a got very little on them. After having finished with the fore, and coming to the main, the mate informed me that the foretopgallant mass had

"By that time," says Capt Amabury in his notes. "I knew we must be directly on the storm track, as the wind was steady northwest and increasing. According to the 'law of Storms' the square drift, heading from north-northwest to northeast by east, and, providing the central area was small should have either had the wind haul to the westward or get a sudden lahift to

The captain told the mate that they must try and have the starboard braces clear, in case they got the shift, so as not to lose the masts. The ship was behaving splendidly, taking very little water over to windward, except the spume, but taking considerable over the bows, and occasion ally, as she rolled to leeward, the sea would roll

aboard, and when she righted roll of again.
"About 1 A. M., Oct. 9." says Capt. Amabury, "a
man came along the lee alleyway to me and told me two men had gone overboard—Lawrence Granstorm and John Kruse, two of my best men. The man that brought this news to the captain and another man were at work with the men that ses rolled on board, and as it swept back took them to hold on and threw the brace he was working with over, but did not see nor hear them again. The other men were all aft. The captain asked them, in accordance with sea custom, if there was As the captain was speaking the man at the ther wheel called out that the tiller had broken

and the rudder was adrift. There were two men at the wheel and the relieving tackles were on The hinnacle light had gone out. They got lan erns and the captain took fsome men with him and got the tiller clear from the rudder head, which was whirling around like a top, while the Eate -as getting the preventer tiller chains adrift from the stern and passing them through the stern enocks to the bitta. After they got the tiller free they took all the crowbars they had and some pieces of wood, and wedges, and pu them through the tiller hole, and took a new 4-incl line around the ends and to the bitta. They could then hold the rudder partially; but about 3 A. M. the rudder gave an extra heavy jerk and settled down into the thick strake, with the top canted slittle forward. Then they knew that the rudder

The ship was jumping and pitching fearfully the rudder would go as far aft as the head would permit and it seemed as if it would rip the stern out of her. Thre was some water coming into the lazarette through the casing, but the head was not working down much, the crowbars across the deck holding it; and as the wind had decreased perceptibly and the glass had stopped falling fits lowest reading was 28:80) the captain was in hopes that they could save it During the time they were working at the rudder the northwest part of the storm was at its height and they could see that the weather side of the lower maintopsail had blown adrift and gone to ribbons. It was

As daylight came the wind lulled, but the sea got worse: the hurricane had seemed to blow the top off the waves before. The rudder was jumping fearfully, and it had racked the casing se that there were seams half an inch wide all around it and had started the stern planking, so that every time the stern went down—and she put the taffrail level with the sea at almost every pitch then—the water would pour into the hold. The captain feared that if the heel should come forward it would knock the sternpost out, and hat would end the ship; he knew that they must get rid of the rudder and the sooner the better; it would take a long time to saw the head off. and the lower band had sunk into the thick strake so that it was very hard to get off. They had to saw it off on account of the crowbars being through the hole. The captain knew that it it did not drop right out after being sawed off it would rip the stern off quick; "but," as he says, "I had to take the chances." It took over two hours to saw and split the head off and get rid of the band. The rudder dropped right through. They had a part of a new 5-inch line on each of the Preventer chains, and, as the rudder dropped ut, they paid out a long scope in hopes to hang oit, but one line after the other parted, and that was the last of the rudder. "It seemed a wicked hing to do," says Capt. Amsbury, "to cut away that beautiful new rudder, as solid as rock;" but he is sure that if he had not done so the ship would have been completely full of water in beive hours at the furthest, especially as the typhoen came on from the opposite quarter with

Steater fury than before.
At daylight they found that the port cathead had been broken off close to the side, and that all the gear attached to the jibboom had slacked up parted, and the jibboom was swaying like a whip at every roll. It was working the bowsprit was and it was feared that it would work more and more and perhaps start the woodends, so the aniain decided to cut it away. They cut all the tays and lanyards and some of the seisings, and ien the second mate went out on the bowsprit end with an axe and attempted to cut away the lib-He got in two or three cuts at it, but by

that time the wind had increased to a hurricome TOWN "SETTLEMENT" WORK

o leave it, and it held.

The barometer rose only one-tenth, and then fell again. At 11 A. M. 14 was blowing even harder than before. All one could hear was the creech and roar of the wind and the hiss of the spume. They could just make out the maste every minute to see them go. They couldn't tell whether it was raining or not; just a drench from somewhere. About 2 P. M. the glass commerced to rise, and by 8 o'clock the wind had perceptibly decreased; from then on it died away, with a hurricane squall lasting a few minutes occasionally, until 10 P. M.; from then it was nearly calm with rough, confused sea; the high north-

northeast see was gone.

All through the typhoon they had oil-bags hanging over the stem, but they did very little good, as the damage was done by the violent moion of the ship rather than by the sea breaking over her. During the night there was much lightning; in the typhoon not any. The centre must have had a large area, as it took eight hours to cross the ship, the wind canting from northwest o northeast and southeast, light and baffling to nearly calm; the sun came out, but there was no horizon; the ship's drift must have been very small in comparison to the size of the central area. During that time they got the hight of an 8-inch hawser out astern with guy ropes sitached. The carpenter partially stopped up the breaks in the rudder casing and stern, and thus got a spell at the pumps, finding three feet and sowen inches of water. The centre of the typhoon was full of birds, the ship's decks being covered with them, all kinds, both land and sea birds, some very beautiful. They also passed quantities of birds, dead

or exhausted, in the water.
On Oct. 5, they got a spar across the stern and rigged it out for the guy ropes to lead to, to stear with by the hawser. Then they cleared away the wreckage, and secured the jibboom and anchers. The carpenter stopped up the stern very well with oakum, canvas, sheathing metal and boards, but it was still too rough to attemp to rig anything besides the hawser to steer with. During the blow the sea had stove in one of the forecastle doors, smashed all the lee and after borths, started the buffalo rail all along the star coard side, started the forward house, one of the coden water tanks, the after hatch house, washe the windless room hatch house overboard, washing off one of the main hatchbars, stove the strails boat and broke the skylights. "I feel," waites of God, and being a poop-deck ship, that sh

The ship's port being Amoy, bearing nearly orth; and considering that they had been tymntysight days making ten degrees of northing, with a perfectly stanch ship and sails in good con Nition; the captain concluded, for the preservation of the ship and cargo, and for the best interests, of all concerned, to try and reach the nearest prit, that being Manila. So at 1 P. M. they make what sail they could and headed for that part. On Oct & Sunday, at daylight they made out the coast of Luson, about thirty miles off, (if hands being then employed on jury rudder. "I'm sorry to work on the Sabbath, after God's margy to us." perfectly justifiable in this case."

"On Oct. 10," the captain continues, "we had ompleted the jury rudder, and got it into the water with all the guys attached, and every hing perfeetly clear. Had a hard job to float it aft; got it just under the bumpkin when the will d breezing up, and the sea making, it turned hed f over end for end. No observations, and no dinner this

the rudder; but it got shipped at I. P. M., and secured for the night. Strong wind, northeast, and very rough sea, shipping much water on th starboard back, owing to list to wit idward.

high sea, fine, but squally at those; rudder apparently all right, but impossible fo get the ship on the other tack, though working; in every con-ceivable way; the ship won't got off. Must be

"Oct. 13, winds fresh to styong, east-north astte east, rough sea. Wind #1 such that ship may fetch Hong Kong.

"Oct. 14, light wind, northeas t to nearly calm From 6 A. M. quite smooth #ea with moderate swell; the first favorable day to work over the stern since the typhoon. By noon got the jury rudder in first-class order; ship answering her helm very well.

"Oct. 15, very light varial le airs from portheast to southeast, and calw; ends light, north by east. Nine A. M. tack of to the westward. Came around nicely, with a stention to the sails. I think the rudder is a success, in smooth water,

I think the rudder is a success, in smooth water, anyway. Kept the Sabbeith.

"Oct. 16, light, variable winds, east to northmortheast, and calm; ends moderate, northeast, smooth sea. At 10:50 A. J. took a pilot. Fishing lunks about in greatiny mbers. At 8:30 P. M. civil time, anchored off Tay stong Island, in twelve fathoms of water, not carrieg to risk coming among the shipping at night for fear the rudder might go back on us."

The Adoif Obrig was discharged at Hong Kong and her cargo forwarded to destination by steam. After repairing she will reload at Hong Kong for New York.

SCOTCH-IRISH BY PENNSYLVANIA One Reason Why the Keystone State Is So Strongly Republican.

The late James McManes, who was for nearly twenty five years an important personage in the local politics of the Frepublican city of Philadelphia, was a native of Tyrone county, Ireland, and some of the snost prominent Republican leaders in the great cities of Pennsylvania, which are, with scarcely an exception, Republican, are either from the North of Ireland or Scotch men by birth or clascent. Even to persons who regard superficial by the course of Pennsylvania politics, it is a c froumstance which has not excaped notice that There has always of recent years been a strong intuition of Scotch and Irish names among the political leaders of the two parties. Cameron, Quay, Magee, Kelley, Bayne, and McManes, on one side, have been no more notable than Randall, Wallace, McClure, Monaghan and Pattison or, the other, and the explanation of this is to be found in the fact that at about the period when the first emigration from ireland set toward the United States the city of Philedelphia was m garded as a Know-Nothing city, whereas New 'rork was regarded as cosmopoli-

Emigra ats from southern, central and western count es of Ireland went, most of them. to New York or its vicinity, while emigrants from the nor thern or Scotch-Irish counties and from Scotlars I found a better welcome in Philadelphia, an added attraction of which was that many of the newcomers were weavers, workers in flax and cotton mills and they found, therefore, a bette r market for their labors in Philadel phia than 'was offered in New York. The newcomers in Philadelphia, following the line of travel west ward, aided in the material developnent of Pil taburg, Scranton, Harrisburg and other Pennsylve nian cities, whereas the South Irish emigrant's in New York found, in many cases,

homes in Troy, Albany, Rochester and Buffalo.

Adde 1 to these elements of the voting population in B ennsylvania, and reenforcing the Scotter
and it at the Irish to a considerable extent, have
been it me Welsh newcomers, of whom there are now
a very Varge number in Scranton, Pittsburg, and
Wilker it are among Pennsylvania cities, and
the We is noters of the country, with very few
except is as, have been uniformly and consistently
Repull is cans in American politica. The aptitude
of mr m of Irish birth or ancestry in the management of primaries, cancusses and nominating
conversations, is well known and the North Irish
votersations, is well known and the North Irish
votersations. The operation of the American tariff policy
to visited practically all the Republicans and a
good many of the Democrats of Pennsylvania
wers committed, was not only of great benefit to
the rematerial interests of that State, but incidentall p strengthened its voters in their allegiance
to the Republican party, and as a result of this
ars in the popular conditions of immigration,
P is insylvania, as the recent death of Mr. McManes
refails to notice, is practically the only American
S its whose cities are overwhelmingly Republican,
its not generally known to how great an extent
us a Republican party predominates in the political
is a list of Pennsylvania was that sew facts may make
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SCORE OF INSTITUTIONS FOR SERVICE AMONG NEW YORK'S POOR.

They Are Found From the Battery to Harlem-The Latest Beeruit Is a Catholic Home-The Scope of Their Useful Enter-prises-The Workers and the Papils. "Been far down town?" inquired the man of the

girl acquaintance whom he met in a car.
"Yes. Been down to the Rivington street settlement. I'm taking sociology this term. It's

awfully interesting."

The man picked up the book that lay on the girl's knees and scanned the title.

"A settlement?" he said. "What might that
he? I've been out of school thirty years, you

know, but, in my time, a settlement was a place in the raw country where people had cut down the trees and brush and put up dwelling houses. "Now, you're poking fun," she said. "I didn't

think there was anybody in the world who didn't know about social settlements by this time." The man gravely disclaimed any knowlegds of the subject, and she proceeded in low tone to out-

"Nearly every one in the world does know about the pioneer settlements in the New York Rast Side quarter, said a vivacious resident worker in allusion to the college girl's remark, "but few people, I am sure, are aware of the number of set-tlements that are scattered all about the city, and of the large number of people who are regularly identified with the work not as beneficiaries, but as teachers, residents rad general helpera. For women especially, sociology is now a regular profession that not only offers a living and a permanent niche in affairs, but abundant interest.

"There are eighteen settlements between 104th and college settlements, and this list does not include either thurch missions, charitable homes and schools or other philanthropic enterprises. The distinguishing mark between a chapel mission and a settlement is that the settlement has a staff of workers who have that house for their veryday home, and the mission has only itinerant eachers who live in their normal surroundings and visit the mission at appointed times. Every settlement has from two to fourteen resident workers who may or may not be engaged in some outside business, but who give a certain part of their time to the sterests of the house; and there are from thirty or forty, to fully a hundred visiting workers who go two or three times a week or so many times a month to help in some especial pursuit. There are clubs and fellowship interests, classes and liversions instigated by a very diverse order of teachers, all volunteers. Although they work o quietly these character-homes have a distinct cearing on the city's life, and each leaven its own

little area of wants and deficiencies. "The youngest settlement of all is St. Rose's, the Roman Catholic house established a few months ago in East Sixty-first street, just off Second avenue. This settlement owes its inception and success to a cultured churchwoman, who first realized the need of some such influence in that neighborhood, and who volunteered her services as head worker. The place is situated in a mixed tenantry of Bohemians, Germans and Italians, and has a fertile field for work. The head worker is the type of woman who would be welcome in any circle of society ahe chose to live n, but who prefers to devote her energy and talents to helping the poor in matters spiritual and ducational. In the strict definition of the term social settlement, as originally applied, it means place for work among the poor entirely on secular and educational lines. But the Roman Cath-olic settlement, as well as a dozen other settlesents, construe it differently, and religious observances and spiritual influence and training

are main factors in their organization." There are as many different kinds of people men and women, engaged in settlement work in New York as there are different kinds of plants in a florist's collection, or different grades of pupils n a school. The workers are all in one category as to the aims they wish to promote and the ends they have in view, but in caste and character and the influences that led to their taking up the work they are widely dissimilar. Some are middleaged students of life and human nature, people cultivated and refined in the finest sense, and intersted in the opportunities that the work affords them for coming in direct touch with the people's needs, mental and practical, and in deising ways for alleviating the same. There are resident workers with well-settled theories and opinions on sociological subjects. Others are young and unformed, who have not yet est in helping with good works, and looking into the novel phases of life about them. There is as much room for practical work at the settle ments as for educational Cooking, sewing, dancing and music classes for beginners, games for the kindergariens, and various small enterprises for children are taught, and the young woman volunteer who is well stocked with patience and a love for being weful fills as important a niche as the wiser heads who have hig prob-

There are all grades of business occupation among the resident workers of any settlement for comparatively few are so situated as to be independent of a business place as a means of livelihood. There philanthropic work must go on as a side issue to some wage carning capacity. In the more flourishing settlements there are a few regularly employed teachers, who live in the house and are paid to devote their entire time to the work, but for the most part the residents make voluntary offering of such time and instruction as they can give. Some of these live for two or three years in a settlement, some stay for twelve months or only for a winter. Others again only stay for a few weeks, but these go and come as they can make it convenient. Generally, a sum much below the normal rate of living accommodations of like value in other parts of the city is asked for living and lodging in a settlement. But the candidates for such quarters must live up to the letter of their agreement to give a stipulated number of evenings or afternoons to whichever feature of the settlement work is deemed most

suitable to them.

A young civil engineer has just given up his A young civil engineer has just given up his secured a business place in another city. This young man gave talks or lectures to the settlement's working men's club two evenings in the week, and was very popular with the men. By example and influence he managed to impress them with the importance of study and a carrect knowledge of public affairs. The room he had was large and comfortable, and the settlement directors did all they could to make him feel attached to the place and pressave his interest in it. He lived there two years. The majority of the men settlement workers are young and well-to-do in business. Those who are not in residence, as it is called, keep systematically in touch with the work by their weekly or hall-weekly visits. They help the boys and young men with their settlement papers, give original talks on business and industrial matters, and assist in carrying out any of the head worker's plans for interesting the neighborhood people in rational pursuits and amusements. Questions of municipal management, industrial and economic conditions, the directions in which social reforms are develing are all of especial importance to the people who live at and who go to the settlements.

According to one young woman resident, this daily contact with the real things that affect the poor people's living gives interest to the life. One seems there to be at the heart of things, and in nearly every case young men and women who get started in the work grow to like it for its own sake and develop under its influence.

"The settlement worker who is really in earnest gets back more than she gives out," said one head worker, who has almost a parish full of people coming under her notice in the form of Mother's Clubs and Fathers' Meetings, Boys' Fraternities and girls' and childrens' exercises and amusement. "A life spent among the poor is more attractive than that spent anywhere cise," is the verdict of another settlement house mother. And a notable gentlewoman, who is the guiding spirit in an uptown East Side s room in an uptown settlement because of having secured a business place in another city. This

tiement worker. But we can broaden their mental horizon so that they can take pleasure in the beautiful things of life that are free for the enjoyment of all whose senses are alive to their beauty. One of our girls the other day, a girl who had gone to work when 12 years old, had so home advantages and the bare rudiments of an education, spoke of the pleasure she took now in a visit to the Art Museum in the park. Formerly, she said, the place had been a dead letter to her, but now it meant something, and was a resource for half holldays and Sunday afternoons. Lately we asked the ciub girls to write letters as to their ideas of what the picture study course had been. We were astonished at the tenor of some of those letters. A few would be a credit to girls of higher education circles, and nearly all gave evidence that we had not wasted our efforts.

Some settlements have all men workers and only one or two women residents, the wives or sisters of the directors, to keep the home together and supply that note of hospitality and comfort that only a woman's presence can give. This is the case with the Union settlement on East 104th street, with the East Side House, at the foot of East Seventy-sixth street; the Phelps settle ent in the middle East Side region, and the Amity settlement on the up town West Side part of town. Other settlements have a complete staff of women residents and no men, such as the West Side settlement in Forty-fifth street, under the care of the Young Women's Christian Association, the Christora House on Tompkins Square, composed of college women and in charge of a young woman head worker, and The Friendiy Aid, in East Thirty fourth street, under the charge of an energetic young woman physician. Both of the nurses' settlement have households composed entirely of women and the Gospel Settlement, far down in Clinton street, has all young women workers and residents, although the woman who founded and mainly supports it is of mainty years. THE DISMALSWAMP AS IT IS. FISIT TO A REGION OF MANY STRANGE TRADITIONS.

It Is Lonely and Wild, but It Is Declared to Be Fit for a Health Besore-Game in Its Dense Forests-Virtue of Its Dirty Water -It is Invaded now by Commerce. WASHINGTON, Dec. 2 .- For close upon two hundred years the vast water-soaked forest known as the Dismai Swamp has been visited by the

woodman in quest of its treasures of express and juniper. To facilitate his enterprise, small canals, ocally known as ditches, have been cut through to Lake Drummond at its centre. Of these one was named for Gen. Washington, who visited the Swamp when a young man of twenty-four, encompassing the whole," to use his own words. Another bears the quaintly irrelevant name of Jericho Ditch. At the end of the last century larger water-way, the Dismal Swamp Canal, which has been recently widened and deepened. was excavated near the eastern border. As a result much of the land lying to the eastward A wilderness the Dismal Swamp remains.

Even to-day its deeper receases are hardly known save to such untamed denizens as deer and bear and a peculiar race of cattle that have run wild and live upon the reeds. Not a few people of mature years.

A good proportion of the settlements have plenty of means to do with and are not hampered in any of the enterprises the wish to further. Others have to be sacedingly careful in the dispensing of founds, and have households medicing the possible of the control of the control of the possible of the control of the most efficient young women head workers now in charg of uplown settlements gained their neight into methods and served their first apprenticeship at sharing neighbors burdens, as the College and University settlements, these, too, with the Henry Street Nursees' Settlement, having been the first nurseries for sociological work in New York city.

Some young women who have secured steady places in New York settlement work, did not take the course methodically either in a college or in the older settlements, but went into the work because they needed to do something and had an all-round practical senses of the duties that would because they needed to do something and had an all-round practical senses of the duties that would because they needed to do something and had an all-round practical senses of the duties that would because they needed to do something and had an all-round practical senses of the duties that would because they needed to de something and had an all-round practical senses of the duties that would because they needed to describe the sense of the man and they have known. If a girl of pronounced ideas and a good general edication, who lives in a small town, say in Pennsy vania or Oho, has a craving for New York and a larger view of life than can be obtained at home, also looks about to some pursuit in which to emply her energy. She hasn't a profession, neither does she wish to work at anything for wages. Her parents and the people nearest her ze not willing that the should come to the city without some definite purposite the profession of the people nearest her zen not will man any man and personal that control of the profession of the profession of the profession of the pr in quest of game, or curious to know what a place so weirdly named may be like, penetrate the swamp from Suffelk by way of the Jeriche Canal. or on the eastern side, through the Dismal Swamp Canal. But away from these recognized arteries of commerce stretch thousands upon thousand acres of dense, tangled forest, usually covered with water to a depth of one or two feet, untrav In such fastnesses the black bear is at home, and But in hard winters he is sometimes driven from his haunts and has been seen by startled way arers even in the outskirts of Portsmouth.

It was on a beautiful May day that I first saw It was on a beautiful May day that I first saw
the awamp. Our route that day was the Jericho Canal, which one reaches, riding or driving,
about two miles from the sleepy old town of Suifolk. Our craft was a skiff built of juniper wood,
and propelled by pole and paddle. At first the
way lay through a comparatively open tract,
which has been burnt over from time to time, and
which, despite the burgeoning green of such vegetation as had survived the fires, has a look unutterably desolate and forlorn. The trees here
are small wateroaks and cow oaks, sweet bay,
holly, cotten gums, short-leaf pine, and some
juniper (white cedar). Big cane, which inhabitants know as reeds, grows everywhere, bending
its graceful sprays over the water, or with stems
standing stiffly erect in great clumps. To this
hamboo, more than to any other piant, the vegetation of the Dismal and other Southern swamp
owen its peculiarity of aspect. The cane was in
hisom when we came into the swamp, and made
one think of the marvels travellers tell concerning the rare flowering of hamboo in India. The
young stalks, which are used for making pipestems, are cut and tied in sleaves, by negroes
who can thus carn a dellar a day. Many flowering struits were there, mostly heathworts, but
heathworts with large shiny leaves, hardly to be
recognized by their humble cousins of the Northern moors and peat bogs. Most delightful of
all to eye and nose was a pale pink azales, much
sought by country people for the curious green
swelling produced on it always by a certain
fungus. These they eat, knowing them as honeysuckle apples.

As we pursued our lazy way along the canal he swamp. Our route that day was the Jer

swelling produced on its leaves by a certain fungus. These they cat, knowing them as honeysuckle apples.

As we pursued our lazy way along the canal the trees became always higher, and the fringing canes more dense. The woodland voices that had been litted high in the early morning sank to a whisper. The chorused chanting of the frog a spring song died away. Now and then the sweet note of a warbler reached the ear. Once a great gray crane rose into the air with a discordant cry. Ever and anon we would beat up a blue heron, to see him disappear in fright down the long areads before us. Then we glided into what is known as the Black Gum Swamp, where the straight columns of the tree trunks fowered a hundred feet or more above us, and the light was soft as in a cathedrak. Two miles or se we went between the sciemn, vine-hung black gums, and then emerged upon the margin of Lake Drummond, having travelled our ten miles in something less than four hours. Naturally, everyone who has read Moore speem, "The Lake of the Dismal Swamp," recalls it to mind when he sights lake Drummond from the first time. And even when seen in the full tide of neondar, there is something of weirdness in the look of this forest-bordered sheet of water. Involuntarily one a eyes go scarching for that mysterious maid who has:

Gene to the lake of the Dismal Swamp, Where all night long by a fre-dy lamp. Gene to the lake of the Dismal Swamp,

That the Irish poet wrote of the Diamai Swamp rith all the authority of actual experience, ritness the lines:

His oath was rugged and sore.
Through tangled jumper, beds of reeds.
Through many a feu where the serpent feeds,
Man's foot never trod before. Through many a fen where the serpent feeds,
Man's foot never trod before.

But to descend from the poet's flight of Imagination to the details of prossic description. Lake
Drummond is a small body of water only three
miles long and two and a half wide. The banks
are everywhere flat, so that the lake impresses
one as being much larger than it is. It would
would be a thoroughly monotoneous landscape,
this, were it not for the picturesque belt of old
cypress stumps that margin the lake, almost
disappearing at very high water, but usually
in plain view. Genrled and gray are threse relies
of ancient forests worn by years of weather and
storm-dashed water into a thousand strange,
uncarthly forms. One likes to picture to oneself
the noble trees that must have once stood in serricd array about Lake Drummond. A few are
still living, small of girth above, but near the water
thickening into a huge butterssed base. One
of the most nomble is known in the country-side
as Samson's Maul. To the branches of these
old cypresses cling small wisps of Snantsh moss
and the gray beards of lichens that resemble it.

Thus we found the swamp in May. In July,
very different was its seeming. Then it was
leas to appreciate the significance of its timehonored name Dismal, which can hardly be very
inappropriate since in eastern North Cerolina
it has come to be the generic appellation for all
timbered swamps. Every day heavy rains foll
and drenched us sorely. Surely the Dismal
Swamp is at such times the wetters of places,
for not only do torrents descend from the skins,
but the long flexible stems of the cane are exquisitely adjusted so that the water discriping
from them can nicely slin down the backs of suftering humanity. And the yellow fires. Speak
of yellow thes to him who has vusited the Dismal
Swamp in midsummer, and you shell listen to
real eloquence. Something might also be said
upon the subject of mocdunices.

The uninitated are likely to hear wonderful
tales of the serpentilie of the Great Dismuel, and
there is a certain settlement in Henry street. The Christodora House on Avenue B, and Hope Chapel settlement hold the outposts of the German quarter. On the West Side four settlements are doing active work, the Amity settlement, the West side settlement, Hartley House, and a settlement in the heart of the negro quarter near Seventh avenue, where work is pursued along the same lines as at the other settlements where there are resident workers. The King's Daughters have a settlement in the East Side proper, and in this region there are five other settlements that attract a big clientiel of workers and that are year by year increasing their living quarters and taking additional beneficiaries under their wing.

BURGLAR SULLIVAN'S PLIGHT.

Trapped so Tightly That He Welcomed the

Help of Even a Policeman.

From A. Philadelphia North American.

"Help! Help! Murther!" came the voice, as if

ts possessor were at the bottom of a well, with a

Policeman Snyder stopped short in his noc-

urnal wandering. He expected nothing more

blood-curdling than an old man being beaten

and robbed by a couple of thugs in a blind alley.

Nevertheless, he drew his revolver and club. Thus

"Wait a minute an' I'll get help!" suggested Snyder.
"Niver fear 'bout moi waitin', assured the voice.
"But, Ol say, misther, couldn't ye be aither 'commodatin' me wi' a chew?"

While Snyder was trying to wrestle with the problem of carrying ammunition to the imprisoned enemy he found the side door unlocked. Groping his way to the cellar, he was able to see the other half of the man in the hole.

"Hiven bless ye, even if ye are a copper!" exclaimed the prisoner as he bit off half of Snyder's plug.

plug.
"Who are yer, an' what are yer doin' here?"
asked the policeman.
"Oi'm Dinnis Sullivan, at yer aervice, sir—an'
Oi'm a burglar," replied the prisoner, chewing

If You Are Pressed for Time

"Want" advertisements for THE SUN may be left at any American District or Postai Tele-graph Messenger office, Charges the same as at THE SUN office,—Ads.

featherbed on top of him.

tales of the serpentitie of the Great Dissuel, and there is a certain amount of foundation for them, although one must ellow for the sad fact that in the presence of sankes, as of fish, the most ardent lover of truth is likely to go astray. In spring one sees few snakes in the swamp. But in July, especially upon a sunny day, they crawlent upon the ends of the canes and bushes that overhang the canal. Then, as one poles alone, there is a series of quick spiashes as anake after anake drops into the water. One well-grown water mocassin made a serious miscel-ulation and landed in our hoat. There he remained an hour or so unknown to us, when growing bolder, he and robbed by a couple of thugs in a blind alley. Nevertheless, he drew his revolver and club. Thus fortified, he went on cautiously in the direction of the voice. In front of tenantiess 338 North Sixth street he found the alley gate alar.

"They're murtherin' me! Help! Help!" came the voice, huskier than before. Snyder peered into the alley. In the dim light he saw a pair of legs kicking for dear life.

"Come out of there!" yelled the valiant Snyder.

"Faith, an' that's what Of matryin' to do," responded the voice.

Snyder's eyes were growing accustomed to the darkness, but instead of outlining a footpad and his victim they could still distinguish nothing but those kicking legs. As for the voice, it seemed to come from the cellar.

There was something so uncanny about it that Snyder concluded a light would cheer him. So he struck a match.

It revealed the nature of the difficulty, though it didn't explain it. The possessor of the legs and the voice was sticking fast in the cold-air hole of the unused furnace.

"What's up man" exclaimed Snyder.

"Me legs, misther—git hold on 'em an' pull' implared the subterranean voice.

Snyder pulled, but two weather-beaten shoes were the only evidences of his energy. The occupant of the hole didn't move an inch.

"Wait a minute an' I'll get help!" suggested Snyder.

"Niver fear 'bout moi waitin', assured the voice. a series of quick splashen as anake after anake drops into the water. One well-grown water mocassia made a serious miscrivilation and landed in our hoat. There he remained an hour or so unknown to us, when growing bolder, he crawled out to meet his fate in the shane of a paddle blade. More pleasant to the eye are the small turtles or snappers, no larger than our common wood tortoise, that abound in the ditches. Their black shells are besprinkled with spots of orange. The water of the swamp is one of its most interesting features. The color of it is a rich dark coffee brown as seen in the canals and in Lake frimmond, but nearly that of sherry when a small amount is taken up. This is sue to the vast quantity of finely divided vegetable matter it contains. Notwithstanding, it makes an excellent, healthful drinking water, pleasant in flavor, and if one may believe the heal tages, tonic in its properties by reason of the particles of juniper wood suspended in it. It was formerly much in request for supplying ships about to depart on long voyages. The antiseptic virtue of this water is marvellous. Stumps and logs of cypress that have long been buried beneath the surface of the swamp remain in excellent preservation; and, now that the best of the standing timber has been removed they are being sought by lumbermen. Berries keep their color and plumpuess for months in the water.

The Dismal Swamp, contrary to popular impression, is not an unhealthful place. Malaria is said to be tunknown there, and we were told that people wist the swamp in order to get rid of it. In that distant time which the South knows as before the war, when yellow fever was a periodical scourge in Norfolk, an enterprising hotel keeper put up a frame building on the shore of Lake Drummond and advertised a health resort. The place was soon crowded with refugees from the pestilence, and throve for a while. But midsummer came and with it the yellow flies and mosquitoes when straightway guests and employees left that holel, never more to return.

Autum "Oi'm Dinnis Sullivan, at yer service, sir—an' Oi'm a burglar," replied the prisoner, chewing vigorously.

Snyder, deciding that the temporary jall was about as safe as could be desired, departed in search of aid. He presently returned with several neighbors, armed with a hatchet, a poker and a coal shovel. "Dinnis," still suspended somewhat after the manner of a cherub on a Christmas tree continued to chew and to kick.

Twas the work of but a few minutes to batter down enough brick to free the man in the hole. But beneath all his dirt there was the irresistible good humor of his race, though he realized what he yet had to face.

To Lieut. Fulmer, at the Buttonwood street station, he narrated the story of his last few years. Since 1832 he has served various terms for larceny, but during the last year he has plued his trade more stealthily. Half a dozen of the recent jobs he told of in detail, the principal one being at the home of H. S. Pelmer, 823 North Thirty-sixth street, last September. He got through a cellar window and stole several pieces of the silverware.

Magistrate Jermon, in the Central police retation, vesterday morning sent him to prison in default of bail.

a hunter's rife. But, when the beautiful golden corn stands ripe beneath the autumn mean and the field seems abandoned to his pleasure, it is not in bear nature to resist the temptation to go marauding. Then, as he ambies clumistly along, he is filedly to encounter the cruel wire which pulls the trigger of a cunningly set gun, and to get a skin full of slugs and builets for his pains. I saw one day a beat's hide nailed up on a bara door on one of the large farms that border the swamp. The sight recalled to mind many a delightfully ghastly tale of heads displayed on Temple Bar and of thieves creaking in chains at the crossroads.

Take it when one will or can, the Great Dismal has a charm that fells upon all who go on pillaring thither. The very loneliness and vast widness of it helps to increase this feeling. Although one no longer hears the startling tales of great monsters, llons and alligators and others still more impossible wherewith the rustics regaled William Byrd, one time his Majesty's Boundary Commissioner for his domain of Virginia, there is not wanting a delicious sense of unexplored fastnesses, far beyond our ken, in which the wild things of the forest have found a last hiding place. Tales of apparitions, such as Moore's white maid and the ghostly full-rigged as hiding place. Tales of apparitions, such as Moore's white maid and the ghostly full-rigged in that is seen on Lake Drummond in times of storm, are firmly rooted in the Degro folk-lore. Then there are many legends of desperate runawy slaves who took refuge in the swamp in anie-bellum days. With its native welrd beauty, it is strange history and yet stranger traditions, the Dismal Swamp has come to hold a place all away slaves who took refuge in the swamp ante-bellum daya. With its native weird beau its strange history and yet stranger tradition the Dismal Swamp has come to hold a place its own in the imaginations of men.

The Busybody and the Girl Chat About Ac-"Did you ever hear that old Quaker quotation, began the Girl, "that 'all the world is queen "It's true, too," affirmed the Busybody, counting her stitches in her mind, and talking at the sam

time, "you know..."
"Do you mean to say that I'm queer part of the time?" The Girl appeared to be grieved.
"All of the time." The Busybody nodded her head, and counted the last row before the thumb on the mitten she was knitting. What the Busybody did with the mittens she knitted was a mystery to the boarding house. Some said she sent them to the soldiers in the Philip-

"But Maria," protested the Girl. "I'm not saying you're queerer than the rest." The Busybody dropped her mitten for a moment

and then asked, apropos of nothing-it was a way she had: "Are you thankful for anything this "Lots of things. When I was coming home to

night, I met little Trix-you remember little Trix. was her bridesmaid, when she was married a year ago last June, and you surely remember what a lovely gown I had with the yellow roses and ribbons-" "Do you mean you are thankful for a gown

you had eighteen months ago," interrupted the Busybody. "Well, if I ever. I'd think you would positively hate it by this time."

stained it because she lancied the shade was becoming."

"That's an awful thing to do," said the Busybedy censeriously.

Isn't it though," agreed the Girl. "You know I tried it myrelf, and it was so expensive I had to quit, but she keeps right on and, really you know. I believe if she didn't there would be white hairs in her temples, though for my part I den't see how a woman can care a rap about a man who would prefer soldiering in the Philippines to being with his wife in Washington."

"Hut could he go to Washington."

"Hut the papers say the loveliest things about him," put in the Busybody, "that he is brave and courageous and all that sort of thing don't you know.

"And Nell reads 'em all. Positively, she gets up at 4 o'clock in the morning, and slips down for the paper, to see if there is anything about him in it, and she just sits at home thinking about him and never goes anywhere. I call it morbid."

"Some people are queer," mused the Husybody.

"And able's one of them. I'm thankful I'm not a goose about any man.

"What on earth are you girls talking about."

broke in a man's voice. It was the Busybody's bachelor brother, who had been asleep on a couch, with a newspaper over his face. "Say, but I've had the queerest dream. Thought I was in a big church, or thearte, or some place, that was just packed full of people, and every one of them was standing up chanting:

"I't hank thee that I am not as other men are."

"You've been listening to us," said the Girl. "That's an awful thing to do," said the Busy-

Pleasant Ways of Trades Unions.

Pleasant Ways of Trades Unions.

Prom the 'escionati Enquirer.

CHICAGO, Nov 26,—Morshall Field's new million-dollar building opposite the new post office is "tied up" because of an inch of granite. A stone sent from the Vermont quarries encroached to this exient. There is no granite content union of that State for convenience sake. When the trouble was reported to him he said he was able to rectify the error himself, and the following day appeared with his tools and commanced to cut off the offending inch.

The local soft stone cutters' union saw him at work, and the walking delegate asked particulars of the agent. When he heard the story he said if the agent did not desist he would call every union men off the building. The contractors were brought into the matter and they finally told the walking delegate if he had any men here who could cut the stone to send them around. He sent two of his men, but in the meantime the Vermont stone cutters' union he heard of the trouble bere and sent world to the continuous of heard of the trouble bere and sent world to the shipped to Chieggo union men to cut the stone they would strike in the vermont quarries and no more stone would be shipped to Chieggo.

Pending a settlement of the absurd conditions work is a simost at a standatill on the building.

Pending a settlement of the absurd conditions work is a simost at a standatill on the building.

THANKSCIPING GREETINGS PHAN COME FROM NEW ENGLAND.

NOTES IN THE TURKEYS.

Many of Thom Are Addressed to Walfe-Dewey Messages This Year From Verment-Moral Sentiments From Down East-Fraudulent Notes From Jersey. "This Thanksgiving has been a lucrative one so far as my collection is concerned," said the Bose Faddist.
"Which one of your collections do you mean?"

asked the amateur.
"Why, my collection of notes and messages

that are found in the turkeys sent down here from the New England States. Did you ever hear of a Thanksgiving turkey coming to town from Vermont, for instance, that didn't contain tucked away inside against the white meat, either sucked away inside against the white meat, either a pair of red mittens or blue yarn socks or a measage directed to some 'little waiff'. A bird without that sort of stuffing would be very rare. As I have just mentioned most of the things are addressed to little waifs. You see up there in some of those faraway farms where the best turkeys come from they seem to have an idea that all the grown-ups in New Yerk are crooks; that all the children are little waifs, and that Potter's the children are little waifs, and that Potter's when I began to make my collection of turkey notes four years ago and tried to learn the cause

when I began to make my collection of turkey notes four years ago and tried to learn the cause I think I have discovered it.

"About twenty-five or thirty years ago when book agents were in their prime and chromos were accepted on works of art some one wrote a book and called it Sunshine and Shadow of New York. The book agent did the rest, so far as the New England farmers were concerned. There wasn't much sunshine in that book, but the shadows were laid on thick and black. There were pictures in it of Harry Hill's dance hall and a lot of similar ins itutions, not to mention woodcuts of thieves, dens, and several hundred pages of reading matter to the effect that there wasn't anything else in the town except, of course, Poster's Field. The book was strong on that particular graveyard. Well, the book agents had a gold mine in it, and if you go through the New England farm districts to-day, especially far away from the big towns, you will find that 'Sunshine and Shadow of New York' still shares the honors of the centre table in nearly every Sunday room, with the family Bible, the history of the country and its leading men and 'Pigrims' Progress.' The children look at those pictures Sundays and that's where they get their impressions that the kids here are walfs.

"But to return to this year's addition to my collection. Just as I had expocted most of the notes in the turkeys from Vermont had something to say about Dewey. Here's a sample:

"To the peor little walf who has her Thanks-eiving dinner off of this nice turkey. When Admiral Dewey came home he walked by our house one day and just then this very turkey got out of the barnyard and ran across the read in front of him and the Admiral must have seen it. I dim't want to have this one killed this year, but Pa says a turkey's a turkey even if times are good so, I'll send this note.

"Your Loving Little Fairny."

The you mean you are thankful for a gown you had eighted months ago," interrupted the Busyrbody. "Well, if ever. I'd think you would pool to the barry the saw and the saw and the busyrbody milled contemptive had been the saw and the s

they were before they went into the tuba ought to make a vigorous protest against the continuation of existing conditions."

"But I don't like to get the reputation of being kicker," he answered. "It's mighty annoying to be so regarded, and after a time all kicks from one who is known as a chronic kicker lose force and are ignored. I tried it in the last flat weoccupied, and I was in hot water all the time. When a man once starts in trying to keep things up to

cupied, and I was in hot water all the time. When a man once starts in trying to keep things up to the standard there's no end to the worry and bother, and I'd sort of like to live in peace here and keep on fairly good terms with the agent and the janitor and every one else. It's so much more comfortable."

"But if you don't stand up for your rights you never will have things as they ought to be."

"Oh I don't know about that," he replied. "There are a good many ways of bringing about desired results. Just let me alone for a few days and I will see what I can do for you."

The next morning he timed his departure so that he went down town with the man in the next flat, and incidentally asked him if he had experienced any trouble getting heat in the morning and if it did not seem to him that the heating plant turped out an unnecessary amount of smoke and coaldust. The man in the next flat admitted that he had been thus annoyed, and, his attention being thus called to the subject, he talked it over with his wife that night. Then the wise man offthand way what he thought of the condition of the main hall. The other tenant in an offthand way what he thought of the condition of the main hall. The other tenant in an off two other tenants to the condition of the agent on the agent in the course of the next three days the wise man succeeded in directing the attention of two other tenants to the condition of affairs, and these tenants talked with others. The more they talked the more evident it became to them that something ought to be done and that the agent ought to do it. They had been mildly dissatisfied before, but by the end of the week they were indignant.

Meanwhile the wise man's wife became impatient, but he reassured ber.

"Don't worry," he said. "It will be all right." And it was "The agent and it seemed to him that ther was only one man in the building whe was "takicket, and if he had anything to say about it he'd give him a reduction of ront if noces sary to get him to renew his lease next May.

"And that,"